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# BAKER'S COCOA

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## 52 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

### THE QUEST OF KATE.

The Result of the Search in  
Which Rena Assisted.

By MARIAN W. WILDMAN.

He stooped and picked it up—a lace edged cobweb handkerchief, elusively fragrant and marked with a daintily embroidered "Kate."

Harper watched the couples gliding by him. "Jane—Gladys—Anne," he murmured—"Dorothy—Isabel—Ruth. Now, which of the hundred I don't know is Kate? Kate!" he repeated mustily.

The music stopped with a crash, and the young lawyer mingled with the promenading throng, a frowning, preoccupied expression in his eyes. "Look at that coat of Ted Harper's, Miss Cavanaugh," drawled a glided youth to his companion. "He cares as little for clothes that fit as I—"

"For anything else, Meggie," she completed. "He's too good looking to need to care. He's like the lilies—not that he doesn't toil and spin," she added quickly. "He's worth a dozen of you lazy society boys—is Theodore Harper?"

Her voice was low, but the passing owner of the name turned suddenly and came back with outstretched hand.

"Rena! I was afraid you hadn't come. Can't I have this dance?" "I saved it for you, Ted. And we'll talk—I know you'd rather."

"Good girl!" he replied gratefully as he escorted her to the moonlit piazza. There, with the music softened by distance, he was content. He even forgot the mystery of Kate while he and Rena laughed and chatted.

"Now that you are getting rich and famous, Teddy, you ought to marry. You're plenty old enough. I know your age to a minute."

"And I yours, my dear. I haven't forgotten being dragged to see you when you were three weeks old nor how I cried when our mothers made me kiss you."

"Poor boy! It has been a long friend-

ship, Ted. It would have broken my heart if you had taken whittled fingers and love affairs to any other girl."

"Oh, by Jove, that reminds me—I'm in love again, Rena!"

Rena's silvery laugh was anything but credulous.

"I am honestly. Aren't you interested this time?"

"Profoundly! Who is the happy lady?"

"Her name is Kate."

"Kate what?"

"I don't know."

"Well, really, Teddy, what do you know about her?"

"This," said Harper, trying something in her soft hand. Rena held the handkerchief up to the moonlight.

"You always were susceptible, Ted, but to fall in love with a bit of linen and lace?"

"I haven't. It's the suggestion, the atmosphere, the—the—"

"The violet perfume?" suggested Rena helpfully. "We all use it, you know."

"Rena, you're heartless! I'd counted on your help."

"Teddy, what is it you want me to do?"

"To tell me all the Kates who may possibly have been in this jam to-night. Then I'll devote myself between briefs to narrowing the inquiry."

"Kate Simpson, Kate Ray, Kate—"

"Hold on, Rena! One at a time, please."

"Very well. Kate Simpson you ought to know. You went to dancing school with her. She has dimples."

"She's not the Kate I'm after. I remember her now. Dimples in a baby are all right, but how about Kate Ray?"

"Engaged to Reggy Van Dyke. You know that, of course."

"Of course I didn't. Who next?"

"Kate Delemater, a new girl in town, handsome, tall, black eyes, awfully clever. Shall I take you in and introduce you?"

"Thanks; I can wait. I'll have some one of the fellows get permission to take me around for a call. If she doesn't prove to be the real Kate I'll come to you, say, Friday for more clues."

"You might come in any case. I shall be wild to know. Yes, really," in

reply to his protest as she arose, "I must go in now."

Harper offered a reluctant arm, and they passed from the freshness of the June night to the glare and gaiety within.

The October evening was cool, and Harper found Rena by a fire of snapping hickory.

"I'm too delightfully weary to rise," she said. "I've been in the country all day. 'Look' with a comprehensive wave of her hand. The library was aglow with lavish masses of color—the orange and scarlet of maple, the crimson of sumac, the purple and russet of oak and beech. 'This is my October carnival. I always celebrate when the autumn gets into my blood. Oh, the glory of the woods today, Teddy!' She leaned forward to lay a finger on the coals. The seasoned wood burst into a whirl of blue and yellow flame. Harper watched her face curiously as she talked. 'All summer these leaves have been quiet, contented little dreamers. Today they are new creatures, glorious. It's the transfiguration of their lives—what they have been waiting for all these tranquil weeks.'

"The autumn has gone into your blood, Rena. I hardly know you to-night."

Her thoughtfulness vanished.

"What of Kate?" she laughed.

"Oh—Kate. I'm tired of this fold-out about Kate."

"Ungrateful—when I've spent my whole summer finding you Kates!"

"You have been very good. The fault is in the Kates. He took a note-book from his pocket and laid it open in her lap, leaning against the back of her chair to look over her shoulder as she ran her finger down the neat list.

"Kate Simpson—dimples; Kate Ray—engaged to Reggy Van Dyke; Kate Delemater—I hardly dare mention her, Teddy."

"You have reason to blush. You know how I abominate the bohemian girl who smokes cigarettes and is always stepping on the verge."

"Didn't you find her clever and handsome?"

"Oh, very! Who next?"

"Kate Randall. Mother suggested her. You did like her a bit, I remember."

"I liked her a great deal. She's a sensible, modest, well behaved young woman. But she's not Kate."

Rena sighed patiently.

"What was the matter with Kittle Pomeroy? There isn't a dearer, sweeter, prettier little girl in—"

"I'm not looking for a dear, sweet, pretty little girl."

"What sort of girl are you looking for, Ted?"

Harper mused in smiling silence, his eyes idly watching a trembling silver butterfly in her hair.

"I think she's tall and has dark eyes. She's well bred, but not conventional. She's honest and kind. She has brains and a sense of humor. She—he broke off suddenly. "I have it, Rena! Find me a Kate just like you. I surrender the handkerchief."

"And your heart?"

The light words had an unfamiliar tremor in them, like that of the butterfly's three wings. Something sweet and sudden and unforeseen swept over Harper's heart. He was looking down at the leaves in her lap, and fragments of what she had said of them came back to him—"All summer contented dreamers—today new creatures—the transfiguration of their lives—what they have been waiting for all these tranquil weeks."

"Rena," he whispered, bending lower over the silver butterfly, and then as she looked up into his face with startled eyes, "I believe it is you I love!" he added simply.

"And Kate?" Her eyes smiled, though her lashes were still wet.

"Kate was an airy nothing."

"Dear, stupid boy!" Rising, she crossed the room and brought back a great Bible, which she laid on his knee. Perching on the arm of his chair, she opened the volume at the pages of family record and laid a finger on one of the names.

"Katherine, daughter of James and Katherine Cavanaugh, born June —"

"Rena, is it you?"

"Who else? But Rena I've been from my cradle save to one person."

## HANDS CRACKED RAW AND SCALY

Itched and Burned Terribly—Arms Affected, Too—Could Not Move Thumbs Without Flesh Cracking—Sleep and Work Often Impossible—Was Fairly Worn Out.

### CUTICURA SOON CURED HIS FEARFUL ECZEMA

"About a year ago an itching humor began to appear around the back of my hand. It started in to spread, and pretty soon it covered both my hands and got up over my wrists and even up to the elbows. The itching and burning were terrible. My hands got all scaly and when I scratched, as I was doing a good part of the time, the surface would be covered with blisters and then get raw. The itching and burning were so bad that I could not sleep, and I was fairly worn out. I tried many remedies, but nothing seemed to stop the itching and did not seem to heal my hands up at all. At night I suffered so fearfully that I could not sleep, often lying awake until well toward morning, then waking up still tired. I am a chef and steward by trade and had to give up my place, as my hands were so terrible to look at that they did not like to have me around about the food. I could not bear to touch them with water, but when I positively had to get my hands clean I would rub them with oil.

"This sort of business went on for three months and I kept trying lime and tar ointments and such remedies with no particular benefit. I did not know what to do, for I was fairly worn out. For a long time several friends kept asking me why I didn't use Cuticura and at last I thought I would. First I got the Cuticura Soap, then Cuticura Ointment and at last Cuticura Resolvent. I put the Cuticura Ointment on at night, covering my hands with light cotton gloves. In the morning the inside of the gloves would be lined with scales, sometimes half as long as your finger, leaving nice healed places where the scales had been. In a month I was cured and have kept so now for nine months. My hands and arms are perfectly clear of all traces of eczema and I think I am well rid of it. Walter H. Cox, 16 Somerset St., Boston, Mass., Sept. 25, 1908."

Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. Foster Bros. & Co., Inc., Sole Price, Boston, Mass. Mailed Free. Cuticura Soap on Skin Disease.

"And he?" jealously.

"And she?"—reassuringly—"is a college friend who dislikes my poor nickname. I can show you dozens of letters from her addressed to Miss Kate Cavanaugh. The only other proof I could have offered—her gift to me last Christmas—I unfortunately lost."

"At a ball?"

"At a charity ball last June."

"I don't believe you're my Kate, after all. I told you my Kate was honest and kind."

"And had a sense of humor. Teddy, do you regret the prosaic end of your romance?"

"Frosaic?"

"Do you?" she insisted.

"I should be an ungrateful fool if I did."

"Then forgive your Cinderella and give back her glass slipper, dear prince!"

From the pocket nearest his heart Theodore drew a crumpled bit of linen and lace still faintly fragrant. He laid it in her hand, and his own fingers closed over it.

Yearly Occurrence.

"It is only once that we return to dust," said the solemn looking person in serious tones.

"Then I guess you don't take a two weeks' vacation," laughed the homely woman with the tan and scratches. "I find two inches of it in the old home village every year."—St. Louis Republic.

Educated Up to It.

Gunner—My jinks. I'd like to join one of those north pole expeditions and take the trip up to the land of purple snows.

Guper—What? And live all the winter in a packing box?

Gunner—Sure, I wouldn't mind that. I'm a flat dweller.—Chicago News.

## BIG SHAKE-UP IN NEW YORK

73 Customs Employees are  
Removed

### RESULT OF EXPOSURES

Collector Loeb Takes Drastic Action.  
Among These Is Vail, Formerly Deputy Surveyor.

New York, Nov. 20.—Collector of the Port William Loeb, Jr., announced the removal from the customs service of 73 employees and attaches of the weighing and other divisions of the customs here.

Among those dismissed are James F. Vail, formerly deputy surveyor of the weighing division, George E. Bedell, an inspector, formerly chief clerk of the weighing division, James P. Hyland and Joseph O. Carroll, ex-foreman of the weighing division.

Besides those enumerated, the removals include 10 assistant weighers, three inspectors, formerly an assistant gauger and one assistant gauger.

In addition, the collector states that since March 9 last, the day he took office, he has removed from the service for irregularities in the weighing department 18 other officials, six of whom are now under indictment.

In other branches of the service he has removed for cause 36 officials, making the total number of removals from the service since March 9, 73.

In connection with the dropping of Deputy Surveyor Vail, Collector Loeb announces that the office of deputy collector, which Mr. Vail held, has been abolished. Mr. Loeb said:

"The collector has no proof nor have Special Assistant Attorneys General Stinson or Smith, of any corruption on his part, but he was in charge of the weighing division during the time that the extensive under weighing frauds were perpetrated and the fact that such conditions could exist in his department warrants his separation from the service on the grounds of negligence and inefficiency."

Collector Loeb in making yesterday's announcement, added significantly: "The collector is continuing his investigation."

### CANAL ZONE FLOODED.

The Continuous Rains Cause Damage to Property.

Panama, Nov. 20.—Continuous rains during the past week have done considerable damage and are interfering with the work on the canal. The storm has been the most disastrous since 1906, and the Chagres river is reported to have risen twenty feet and a further rise is predicted. Traffic between Colon and Panama is interrupted and northbound trains yesterday only reached Tabernilla, while trains bound south were held up at Bohio, the country between these two points being under water.

No arrangements have been made for transferring passengers and mails across the inundated section. The canal is flooded and several steam shovels are partially submerged. The natives in the flooded area are seeking refuge on the roofs of their houses, and the police are rescuing people from buildings near the cut. The residents of Culebra are moving out, owing to the danger of the place sliding into the cut.

### AZTEC OLYMPIC GAMES.

A Historic Thieves' Market, Once the Scene of Strange Ceremony.

One of the sights more commonly known to Americans, either from hearsay or from actual knowledge of Mexico city, is the thieves' market. The name does not actually come from the fact that thieves sell their stolen wares at this market, but because there is such a variety of bric-a-brac to be found for sale at this place that it would seem to the visitor to have come from many wealthy homes through the medium of disciples of Carlo. The fact is that the merchants at this market take advantage of many forced sales to stock their shops. However, the place offers many essential points of historical interest, among which may be numbered the fact that at one time, during the reign of the Montezumas, it was the Olympic grounds, as it were, of the Aztecs.

Among the Mexicans it is known by the name of El Volador, (the Flyer), and its name is taken from one of the many games, matches and contests which in those days were played at this historic place. The particular game from which the name of El Volador is derived consisted in a contest, the merits of which may be judged from the following description, which one of the historians who came with Cortez made of it:

"A high pole, entirely bare of limbs, was planted securely into the ground. At the top of this pole there was placed a turning wooden drum, from which were hung four ropes. These four ropes were twisted around the drum, and each measured the exact length of the pole. Four men dressed in imitation of eagles or other high-flight birds would dance around the top of the frame, or drum at the top of the pole, and at a given signal would tie themselves by the waist with the ropes twisted around the drum, and would throw themselves out into space. Their weight would make the drum turn faster and faster, as momentum was gained, and in the meanwhile another set of four men would remain on the drum, dancing while it was going around. At the twelfth turn, and one turn before the drum would reach the ground, the four men dancing on the drum would launch themselves out on another set of four ropes which hung from the frame, in an endeavor to reach the ground before the drum completed the last turn. Should they succeed in doing so they would be proclaimed victors; otherwise the fliers would win the game."

Almost every game or religious service of the Aztecs was symbolic, and the thirteen turns of the game just described represented the thirteen cycles of their century.—Mexican Herald.

## SPLENDID BUCKEYE WOMEN

Married and Unmarried, Praise the Buckeye Remedy, Pe-ru-na.



Internal Catarrh.

Miss Nora Kelley, R. R. 1, Box 121, London, Ohio, writes:

"I write to thank you for the wonderful good your Peruna has done for me."

"I was a sufferer from kidney and other internal trouble for twenty-two years. Two years ago I began to take Peruna and I only took about three bottles and to-day I can say I am a well person."

Could Not Eat Without Suffering.

Mrs. H. A. Weaver, Somerset, Ohio, writes:

"I can safely and truly say that Peruna has been a blessing to me."

"I had catarrh so badly that I had lost the sense of smell and taste."

"I had stomach trouble so bad that I could not eat anything without suffering afterwards."

"My friends advised me to try Peruna. I bought one bottle and was greatly benefited by it, and so I bought one-half dozen bottles, and will say that I am completely cured of stomach trouble and catarrh."

I cannot say enough for Peruna.

Pe-ru-na Brought Appetite.

Mrs. Solina Tanner, Athens, O., writes that Peruna relieved her of stomach trouble and brought her a good appetite.

Pe-ru-na An Honest Family Medicine.

Now Has Best of Health.

Mrs. Victoria M. Pickel, 130 E. Mound St., Columbus, Ohio, writes:

"I have been using Peruna for catarrh, having had a very aggravated case, so bad that it clogged the nasal organs. When I did get the nasal organs opened, the mucus would drop into my throat and make me very sick."

"A friend advised me to take Peruna, and after using four bottles I was cured."

"I have no trouble now, and am happy to say that I am enjoying the best of health and attending to my lodge duties, being a member of the Rebecca Lodge of Odd Fellows."

"I would recommend Peruna to those suffering with the same obnoxious trouble."

Catarrh for Several Years.

Mrs. Alice Bogie, 803 Clinton St., Circleville, Ohio, writes:

"I want to inform you what Peruna has done for me."

"I have been afflicted with catarrh for several years. I have tried different medicines and none seemed to do me any good until I used Peruna. I have taken six bottles and can praise it very highly for the good it has done me."

"I also find it of great benefit to my children."

## Woman's Power Over Man

Woman's most glorious endowment is the power to awaken and hold the pure and honest love of a worthy man. When she loses it and still loves on, no one in the wide world can know the heart agony she endures. The woman who suffers from weakness and derangement of her special womanly organism soon loses the power to sway the heart of a man. Her general health suffers and she loses her good looks, her attractiveness, her amiability and her power and prestige as a woman. Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N.Y., with the assistance of his staff of able physicians, has prescribed for and cured many thousands of women. He has devised a successful remedy for women's ailments. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive specific for the weaknesses and disorders peculiar to women. It purifies, regulates, strengthens and heals. Medicine dealers sell it. No honest dealer will advise you to accept a substitute in order to make a little larger profit.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG,  
SICK WOMEN WELL.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and strengthen Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

## The New Woman

is one who enjoys perfect health, who is capable of doing her work, whether at the loom or in the kitchen, in the counting-house or taking her part at a social event, with unimpaired vim and vigor. That's the kind of women the nation needs.

Unfortunately, many women are physical wrecks, constantly under the cloud of ill-health, often the victims of high-strung nerves. The cause is not hard to find. Errors of diet, haste in eating, lack of exercise and inattention to certain bodily functions, all play their part. Once the germ of disease finds its lodgment, if left to do its work, it will quickly undermine the entire fabric of bodily tissue. Prevention is better than cure. Whoever has used Beecham's Pills

## Appreciates the Effectiveness of

their action. As a preventive they are wonderful, as a cure equally marvelous and efficient. Women should know of this remarkable remedy. For sick headache, nervousness, irregularities from whatever cause, debility and a host of other feminine ailments there is no better nor safer medicine. At the first symptom of pain or trouble, rout the enemy and put yourself on a pedestal of perfect health by using

Women who value good health should read special instructions in every box

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

In boxes, with full directions,  
10 cents and 25 cents